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My Dear Sister Will you please accept
— This little token with the love
of Yours Truly
Susan & Anne

Bromden H. }
April 1862 }



811,
POEMS,

BY

GILBERT COOKE LANE, A. M.,

WITH A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.



EDITED BY

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President Labaree's noble tribute to his memory well deserves an introductory place in this collection. The biographical sketch by Mr. James, derives a melancholy interest from the fact that he so soon followed his most intimate College friend and room-mate to the spirit land. He died of Yellow Fever, February 17th, 1860, at Bahia, Brazil. Hence this little book will be, in some sense, a memorial of two of the most gifted and promising members of the class of 1853, instead of one, as at first intended.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY HENRY JAMES, A. M.

GILBERT COOKE LANE was born in Weybridge, Vt., March 18th, 1828. At the age of six he removed, with his parents, to Cornwall, where, with occasional interruptions, he resided until his death. From infancy he was a stranger to health. The usual recreations of children were more than his feeble frame could endure. His difficulties arose not from any particular form of disease, but from a general debility of the system. Yet amid this physical prostration, which was uninterrupted, his mental powers began to unfold with unusual vigor and rapidity. In consequence of his slender health, he attended the common school but little previous to his twelfth year, and none at all after that age. From twelve to seventeen his general debility prevented his attendance upon any public instruction. But his mind was perpetually active—perpetually at work. He devoured everything in Literature, History, Biography, Philosophy, Poetry,—and the nobler works of fiction were drained of their richest treasures, and assimilated to his mental nature.

At length, at the age of seventeen, his health improved, so that he was able to attend a select school in Cornwall for a single term, during which he commenced Latin, and the higher mathematics. Then followed another period of illness. At eighteen years of age he attended at Newton Academy, in Shoreham, for a single term. After this he was confined at home for three entire years, during which his debility was extreme. For weeks in succession he was affected with a blinding headache. A walk of a few rods, or the slightest bodily effort, was sufficient to exhaust him. Yet, under all these discouraging circumstances, his progress in knowledge was not interrupted. His mind was constantly at work upon the advanced mathematics and the difficult themes of the mental and speculative sciences.

Again, at the age of twenty-one, his system rallied. In February, 1849, he entered Castleton Seminary, where he first formed the purpose of acquiring a liberal education. At the Seminary he seemed to experience no disadvantage from his previous lack of school privileges, but speedily took position among the first scholars of the institution, winning the regards of every one by the modesty of his deportment, and surprising his instructors by the ease with which he mastered every department of knowledge.

In the spring of 1850, he entered Middlebury College, commencing with the second term of the Freshman year. He immediately took position as a scholar at the head of his class—a place which he maintained during the entire course. These were his golden years. For the first time in his life his health was good. Strangely little respite from his studies did he seem to require. His relaxation was not in the usual pastimes of his companions, but rather in turning from one department of knowledge to another. Thus did he occupy his waking hours, and, by exercising the different faculties

of his mind upon their appropriate objects, he kept them all unwearied and in progress.

In the recitation room he was marvelously exact. An error or inaccuracy in a class exercise was rare with him. Order, system, thoroughness and punctuality, seemed parts of his very nature. His waking hours were carefully appropriated, and strong indeed was the reason that led him to infringe upon them. Every movement seemed part of a system. He gave his whole earnest attention to whatever he undertook. The duty on hand was the one that absorbed his thoughts—none other might interfere. He seldom lost sight of a design once carefully formed. It might be delayed. Sickness might intervene. Long months of toil might stand in the way. But, in the end, it was sure to be accomplished. Strangely at variance with the frailty and utter weakness of his physical system, were the mental energy and power that he brought to bear upon every object of his thoughts.

With so much to discourage and weigh him down, he never yielded to despondency—never indulged in regrets—never wished that this or that event of providence had been different. Confined at home by long and often painful debility—obliged to forego his dearest pursuits, his most cherished plans, never did a cloud of discontent or shade of uneasiness pass over him ; nay, not even an expressed wish that his condition were in any wise different.

Soon after entering college, his attention was called to his spiritual interests. His heart took hold of the subject with all the deep earnestness of his nature. In a few days he was brought to bow at the foot of the Cross. Ever afterward he showed himself a humble, devoted follower of Christ, willing to acknowledge him before men, and exhibiting a christian character, uniform, earnest, and full of hope and trust in God's promises. His whole character and con-

duct spoke his deepest confidence in the wisdom of God, and his assurance that He would do all things well.

Again, during his last term in College, his health gave way, and, in October, 1853, three months after graduating, he started for the South, hoping that a warmer climate might benefit him. For a year he taught a public school at Lowndsville, S. C. In February, 1855, he entered the Theological Seminary at Columbia, in that State, where he remained but a single term. He then returned to Vermont, but with health unimproved. In August, 1856, he was elected tutor in Middlebury College. He discharged the duties of this position for two terms only, when he was brought to the very verge of the grave by an attack of bilious fever. This left him with a slight affection of the lungs, from which he never recovered. Hoping that out-door exercise would be of some service to him, he now undertook a traveling agency for the sale of books, which occupation he followed four or five months. But the exercise and exposure proving too severe for him, he returned home in October, 1857, exhausted by his labors, and with a fatal disease of the lungs.

But, undismayed by these discouraging circumstances, he, in accordance with a long meditated design, immediately commenced writing a Commentary upon the Greek History of Herodotus,—a work requiring many months of patient, laborious effort, and classical learning of a high order. With intellect undimmed, did he devote the last year of his life to this undertaking,—working at it all that his feeble health would allow,—writing his notes in pencil, and transcribing them, until the Saturday evening previous to his death,—working thus with untiring industry to the very brink of the grave,—and spending his last strength in smoothing for others, the path of knowledge that had been so delightful to him. It will be a pleasure to his friends to

learn, that the Commentary is in so advanced a condition as to be available. It is placed in competent hands, and will be given to the world in due time.

On the 26th of October, less than three weeks before his death, he was united in marriage to Miss Harriet Sampson, of St. Catherines, C.W., to whom he had long been affianced. It was fitting that, as his wife, she should minister to him in his last illness, and smooth his dying pillow, and bear his name while mourning his untimely decease.

In disposing of his small property by will, he displayed a commendable beneficence. He felt that he had derived great benefit from the use of a public library in his native town, which had subsequently become so much reduced, as to receive but little attention from the public. Anxious that others should enjoy the same advantages, which he had prized so highly, he bequeathed one hundred dollars to establish such a library, on condition that the inhabitants of Cornwall should increase the sum to four hundred. A well selected library of nearly eight hundred volumes, called the Lane library, already open to the public, is one of the noblest monuments to his memory. He also remembered in his bequests the library of his Alma Mater, the American Board, and the American Tract Society at Boston.

If we regard the ripeness of his intellect, and the completeness of his character, the life of Gilbert C. Lane was not short. 'T was full—'t was complete. Life should not be measured by years alone. He accomplished the great ends of existence. He learned to put his trust in Heaven, and to live a life of industry, patience and resignation. How many keep on till they are gray with years, without learning these great lessons, or leaving behind them so precious an example ! Can it be that a life so calm, so laborious, so heaven-trusting, was lived in vain ?

He died in the morning of November 10th, 1858, aged 30

years. His last hours were perfect peace ; his hopes of immortal life, bright and joyous to the end. There was nothing saddening in such a death-bed scene, except the thought that he was so soon to leave us. " God has not forsaken me," said he but a few hours previous to his death, and soon after repeated, " O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Thus he passed away ; his death itself, so calm, so peaceful, so full of God's sustaining power, is a precious memory to us that remain. No dead drag of the flesh shall longer weigh him down. He sleeps in the graveyard near the home of his youth. The howling winds sweep over his narrow bed, but they cannot disturb his rest. Days, months, years and ages will circle away, but we shall see him never again. Yet there are hearts that cannot forget him, that will not cease to love him until they, too, shall lie low beneath the clods of the valley.

EULOGY.

Extract from the closing address to the graduating class of Middlebury College, in the Baccalaureate discourse of the President, Rev. B. LABAREE, D. D., August 7, 1859.

“ Among those who six years ago to-day occupied the places in which you now stand, was a tall, pale youth, whom disease seemed to have marked for an early victim. During his residence with us, he had not only earned a high reputation as a scholar, and secured the respect and affection of his instructors, and of his associates in study, but he had learned to live for a high and holy purpose, and to wait with christian patience and fortitude, the slow but certain progress of that insidious disease, which bears to an early grave so many of our promising youth. On your introduction to college life, that young man became your tutor. With what kindness of heart and critical ability he discharged the duties of his official station, you have not forgotten. Though failing health soon compelled him to retire from the chair of instruction, he could not abandon his favorite pursuits. Disease and love of study seemed to contend for the mastery. Under such embarrassments, and in the face of such a foe, he made attainments in knowledge, equalled by few of his years, who are blessed with perfect health. The

fatal star, prefixed to his name in our forth-coming Triennial Catalogue, will furnish but too certain proof, to his distant class-mates and friends, that disease has triumphed. It was your melancholy privilege a few months since, to pay your last respect to that instructor by following his remains to their final resting place on earth.

We learn that within a few hours of his decease, he was industriously engaged in completing that learned commentary upon a Greek classic, which will place his name among the scholars of our country. Here was the true culture—literary taste, disciplined intellect, and large acquisitions in knowledge, yet all held in subjection to the duties and demands of his higher spiritual nature.

Thus, with his mind strong and active, his faith calm and steady, his christian hope bright and cheerful, he bade farewell to his frail tenement of clay, and soared on angel's wings to fairer worlds above.

Young gentlemen, let me commend to your affectionate remembrance, and your careful imitation, the literary industry, the patient resignation, and the christian fidelity of your youthful instructor, GILBERT C. LANE."

POEMS.

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

When Autumn's sun, his summer glory dimmed,
Hides in the west his mildly parting beams,
And twilight fans her sacred censor, trimmed
With radiance borrowed from the land of dreams ;
Raptured we gaze, where faint and fainter gleams
The crimson-tinted cloud—stretched ~~far~~ far away,—
Gaze on the misty hills, with eye that deems
More lovely than the azure-vaulted day,
Those hues that sadden thought while fading into grey.

And there are hours impassioned spirits feel,
An Autumn with its sear and falling leaf,
An evening twilight when we love to steal
Far from the world and learn the joy of grief ;
When loved ones garnered like the unripe sheaf,
We mourn, or weep in sympathy with such
As find in tears thus shed some sweet relief—
Such thoughts are chastening to the heart, and touch
A chord that needs to thrill, but must not thrill too much.

Many life's changes that thus wake within
A tender yet sweet melancholy, when
There are soft whisperings of what hath been
And is not, and the spirit's inner ken

Is quickened, and we shun the haunts of men ;
 Mid scenes secluded stray, that strangely claim
 A kindred with one's thoughts—some lonely glen,
 And carve on rock or ancient tree some name
 That in our heart is shrined and will be in the same.

While it doth seem a conscious spirit grieves
 In the low murmuring streamlet, as in bed
 Of mossy brink it trickles,—in the leaves
 The year has thinned,—beneath stray sumbeams shed
 Soft radiance that but flickers and is fled ;
 As mid the shadows of life's checkered doom,
 Patches of sun-light play beneath our tread,
 Nor yet the shaded pathway to the tomb
 Is all unstrewed with flowers nor sunless in its gloom.

Oft pause we mid life's weary pilgrimage ;
 Recall with fond regret some childhood scene,
 And deem those blooming years one golden age,
 When our young life was fresh as meadows green
 After spring showers,—nor faded yet I ween,
 For the dim veil of years, like evening cloud,
 That softens, not obscures the moon's calm sheen,
 Hides not those visions that the distance crowd,—
 As day shines lovelier through a morning's vapory shroud.

'Tis thus the mind recalls its storied past,
 Unrolls the record of its dawning years,
 Views not unmoved the mellowing radiance cast,
 When o'er its Orient the fair morn appears ;
 Morn of mixed joys and griefs, smiles drying tears,
 Like April shower, ere whose last drops are spent
 The slanting ray streams through, and the cloud veers,
 And breaks o'er head a deep cerulean rent,
 Till on the quickened earth a day of peace is bent.

'Tis thus the way-worn wanderer, to whose view
 Strange climes have grown familiar as he strayed
 Mid scenes remote from those his childhood knew ;
 Who much of men has seen, and much surveyed
 Of those sublimer works than man has made ;
 And has grown weary and his heart's pulse slow,—
 Once more within his own sweet native glade,
 Feels a new rapture in his bosom glow,
 And tears unbidden start that long had ceased to flow.

There stands his home,—still mark the grassy way
 Yon clustering shade and ruined garden wall,
 And the green lawn, where but yesterday
 He strung the bow and sped the bounding ball.
 Ah ! tender memories do these scenes recall,
 Of loved ones gathered round at even tide,
 The endearing look and way that pleased in all,
 And the sweet artless smile of her that died—
 Alas, that hours and joys like these cannot abide !

O'er those paternal acres, once the range
 Of many a childhood sport, now doth he turn
 A lingering footstep, sadly mark each change
 That time for him on reckless wing has borne,—
 So each improvement in the homestead mourn ;
 Mourn that the straggling fence is all effaced,
 And the familiar aspect it had worn,
 As oft those paths which yet a boy he traced,
 Yet joys to see not all an unremembered waste.

'Twas yon green slope close nestled from the breeze
 Where earliest tripped the smiling vernal maid,
 While with soft airs that lingered 'mid the trees
 Afar she wooed him down yon forest glade,
 A rugged way that led through birchen shade,

By the deep rocky glen and lonely grot,
 And where the brook leaped down—a wild cascade,
 Or suddenly came out on some green plot,
 Sleeping like infant face cradled in wild-wood cot.

These be the haunts that charmed him when a child,
 And though not now as then within him swell
 Hopes unsubdued, or fancies free and wild,
 Though scarce a spot but mournfully does tell
 Some story of past joys, and the deep knell
 That seems to linger on each passing gale,
 But wakes regret for some once loved so well,
 Yet are these memories sweet that fill the vale
 Like far off dying strains or half remembered tale.

And 'twere a pleasing thought, life's labor done,
 In these calm shades to win some sweet repose,
 Here let the twilight of his years steal on,
 While peacefully he waits, nor dreads the close.
 Fond memory, soother of his pains and woes,
 And hope—to light where else were dark and dim,—
 Then 't would be sweet, at last, to sleep by those,
 Who here in closest ties were linked with him,
 Might there but be vouchsafed a waking too with them.

The world is full of death and sad decay ;
 The flower that looked so sweetly forth at morn,
 Ere noon is withered,—fields in spring array,
 Or waving in the full year's ripening corn,
 Like head of victim that they first adorn,
 Haste to their doom,—the oak that might recall
 Fierce storms of centuries—and ne'er upturn—
 Lies low at last,—and death creeps on us all,
 The knell salutes our ears, our eyes the solemn fall.

Yet there are moments when 't were sweet to stray,
 Where waning nature mourns her glories fled ;
 When woodlands wear their coloring of decay,
 Or wide around their leafy honors spread,
 And e'en the mould that yields beneath my tread
 Hath graven on it Death's eternal law ;—
 So there's a converse with a nobler dead,
 When earth and all its busy scenes withdraw,
 And thoughts too deep for speech, a rapture and an awe

Do fill the soul,—a spirit hath left its clay,
 Departed from that form its living bloom,
 While fond affection claims yet one brief day
 Ere dust with dust is mingled in the tomb ;
 A solemn stillness fills the curtained room,
 Save from the farewells that were said, you deem
 Comes a faint echo still, for 'mid the gloom
 Of that dark hour Hope glanced a cheering beam,
 And death's dim portals lit with heavenly glory seem.

Thus when the brow of night is veiled in gloom,
 And twilight's lessening streak fades on the hill,
 And lost in thickening shade the landscape's bloom,
 And the loud hum of men is hushed—and chill
 The stagnant night air sleeps, and all is still,
 Then stars appear, and twinkling far away
 Beyond this sphere, that mists and storm-clouds fill,
 Beckon lone spirits silently, and say,
 “Come up and leave those realms of mingled night and
 day.”

The grave where loved ones sleep ! Ah ! 'tis a spot
 Where I do love to linger, though it be
 With saddened and with solemn feeling, not
 Of earth the visions that our spirits see,—
 Angels do hover there, invisibly

To others, and do chant a mellow hymn
 Unheard by him who hath not grieved like me ;
 And they do shed around me beams, though dim,
 Of radiance that is love ; Death is no longer grim.

Around the grave dwells what mysterious power
 To touch the heart and bid the tear-drop rise !
 Here comes to muse, at twilight's pensive hour,
 The love-lorn youth who languishingly sighs,
 And drops the myrtle where Narcissa lies :
 Here the fond mother, too, is often seen
 To plant the flower that early blooms and dies,
 And he who stands in reverential mien
 Where o'er ancestral dust the grass waves long and green.

Oh ! 'twere a grief that few can ever feel,
 Thus to survive all that was held most dear,—
 To be a stricken branch, that the rude steel
 Has reft of all its boughs ;—and let the tear
 Fall unrebuked ;—yet I would rather 'twere
 Thus meted out to me, than ne'er have felt
 Those purest of Heaven's joys foretasted here,
 Of kindred spirits round Love's altar knelt,
 E'en though that heart-shrine now be lonely where they
 dwelt.

For ties like these seem holy then, and oft
 In closer, tenderer folds are round us cast ;
 And memory still, with lingering steps and soft,
 Fain would retrace that lovelier, brighter past ;
 And peace flows deep—the stricken heart, o'er-cast
 As with the shades of evening, gently thrills,
 And breathes Æolian music on the blast ;
 While those calm depths, where pensive sorrow stills
 Each rising wave, the sweet and solemn requiem fills.

THE PLEASURES OF ASSOCIATION.

Spoken by appointment at a public debate of the Philomathesian Society, held in the College Chapel on the eve of Nov. 10, 1852.

When he who wandering from his native glade,
 In distant climes, o'er seas and realms has strayed ;
 Enriched his mind with images that rise
 'Neath tropic suns, or Oriental skies ;
 Traced his lone way 'mid Alpine heights sublime,
 And mused with monuments of ancient time ;
 Perceived new beauties on each winding shore,
 And filled his soul with Ocean's awful roar,—
 Returns once more to spend life's evening grey,
 Where first had dawned the morning of his day ;
 Then rise what new emotions in his heart,
 And raptures which no foreign scene could start !
 Then as he mounts the last green hillock's side,
 That overlooks the hamlet of his pride ;
 And first, since long, long years that scene he views,
 Soft tinged in recollection's fondest hues ;
 How pleased he lingers, while his eye doth roam
 O'er the fair spot he calls his boyhood home !
 Yon cottage sleeping in the quiet shade,
 By arching elms in Autumn foliage made ;—
 There erst his pilgrimage of life began,
 There smoothly childhood's crystal current ran.
 The grassy lawn, the woodbine o'er the door,
 Where oft he watched the hum'bird's flight of yore,—
 Scarce changed, he fancies, since when last he heard,
 Beneath that vine, his mother's parting word,
 And felt the farewell kiss of those most loved—
 These wake a chord that scarce since then had moved.

Yon hill-side turned the noontide ray to meet,

Where he had learned Spring's earliest steps to greet,
 Where basking in the warmest beams of May,
 He loved to trace the mimic flock at play ;
 The wooded glen, beneath whose tangled shade
 He culled wild flowers and watched the rude cascade ;
 Where many a winding pathway knew his tread,
 And thick inwoven boughs waved o'er his head ;
 Yon sacred house of prayer, where early trained,
 From noisy mirth and idle word restrained,
 His footsteps learned each Sabbath morn to stray,
 And his young heart to find the heavenly way ;—
 Such scenes he views, and as declining day
 Sheds his last beams o'er all, then sinks away ;
 He feels that *here*, beneath his native sky,
 'Twere sweet to live, and would be sweet to die.
 And in yon churchyard where his fathers sleep,
 There he would rest, that *friends* might o'er him weep.

Oh ! never may be mine the heart that feels
 No thrill of joy at memory's fond appeals !
 Nor mine the eye that views unmoved those dyes,
 That tinge the dawning of life's eastern skies !
 For I do love to linger 'round each place,
 Where childhood's fleeting footsteps I may trace,
 There cherish fond remembrance of the past,
 Of sunny days that were too bright to last.
 These scenes the mind's historic leaves unroll,
 And wake the finer chords that thrill the soul.

Say what can give these scenes their magic spell,
 The heart's emotions to arouse or quell ?
 'Tis the same cause that makes the scholar's heart,
 'Mid the decaying monuments of art
 Of Greece or Rome, beat quicker, as he stands
 'Neath broken arches reared by mouldering hands ;
 Or muses pensive, where, Oh ! sacred dust !

Thy slumbering atoms hold a cherished trust.

Set is that glory, whose resplendent beam
Once lighted Rome ; yet still a softened gleam,
As of an Autumn twilight, settles o'er
Each ruined tower, and floats along the shore
Of classic Tiber, o'er whose yellow waves
Once ruled Rome's freemen, but now rule her slaves ;
And over her seven hills now seems to cast
A dim reflection of her glorious past.

" Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain,"
Each object viewed calls up a waiting train ;
Earth is re-peopled from the grave of time,
The heavens reflect a picturing sublime.

Behold yon star, that lights our western sky,
Arcturus, with his sons ; need I ask why
I love to look upon it ? I do think
Of that sublime exordium which doth link
That star with God. And joyful I behold
Its gentle ray, attesting, as of old,
The power of Him who, 'neath the dome of night,
Has hung this censor filled with golden light.
And as I dwell upon its twinkling beam,
Imagination kindles, and I seem
To see the Idumæan patriarch,
Sitting amidst his sorrows, as a mark
For Satan's arrows ; yet submissive bent
Before his Maker's mighty argument.

The Pleiades attract my gaze the more,
As the seven sisters whom the sea-nymph bore.
Yet one, the fair Electra, left the skies,
And still in secret o'er her Ilium sighs ;
Or, as some say, 'twas Merope who fled,
Ingloriously a mortal spouse to wed ;
And I do sometimes fancy how, e'en yet,

They mourn their sister star forever set.

Fair Venus, rising in her morning beams,
 To me looks ten-fold fairer, when she seems
 Jove's sea-born daughter. And as still I gaze,
 I fondly greet each fancy as it plays.
 I seem to see her rising from the foam---
 Wring her fair locks, and own her peerless bloom ;
 Then wafted o'er the blue Ægean brine,
 In Cythera's isle erect her sacred shrine.
 'Tis said that, exiled from her Eden bowers,
 Fair Eve, regretful, plucked a tuft of flowers--
 Which, as its fading colors caught her gaze,
 Might wake the memory of those happier days
 When her pure heart had not yet learned to sin,
 And human care found no abode within.

We, too, have had our Eden, 'neath whose shade
 Our childhood sported, and our young feet strayed ;
 And many a flower that bloomed those bowers among,
 Thence plucked, in memory's hallowed shrine is hung.
 And though that Eden we may walk no more,
 Nor breathe the fragrance that its breezes bore ;
 Yet these fond tokens, faded though their hue,
 Those happier days and brighter scenes renew ;
 And thus a hallowed influence still impart,
 To soothe the passions, and refine the heart.

THE ERLKING.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN 'OF GETHE.

Who rideth so late, 'mid the night-wind wild ?
 The father it is, with his infant child ;
 Around his frail form, with encircling arm,
 He holds him secure, and he keeps him warm.

“ My son, why hidest so closely thy face ?—”
 “ O, father, the Erlking is coming apace ;
 The Erlking, with crown and with fairy train.”
 “ My son, it is naught but the mist on the plain.”

“ Come, loveliest child, come wander with me,
 And beautiful games I will play with thee ;
 I'll show to thee many a tinted flower,
 And golden robes in my mother's bower.”

“ My father, my father, and hearest thou not
 The whispering promise the Erlking has brought ?—”
 “ Be quiet, be quiet, my darling child !
 'Tis the wind 'mong the leaves that is rustling so wild.”

“ Wilt go and be mine, my fine little boy ?
 My daughters so fair will attend thee with joy ;
 My daughters so fair, in the nightly step,
 With singing and dancing will soothe thee to sleep.”

“ My father, my father, and seest thou not
 The Erlking's daughters, yon dusky spot ?”—
 “ My son, my son, I see it, 'tis true,
 The time-beaten willows obscure to the view.”

* A mischievous and malignant being in ancient German mythology.

"I love thee, and though thou'rt unwilling to come,
 So charmed by thy beauty, I'll hurry thee home."—
 "My father, my father, now seizes he me ;
 The Erlking will snatch me, O, father, from thee !"

The shuddering father rode swiftly and wild,
 He pressed to his bosom his moaning child ;
 He reaches the court-yard, alights from his steed,—
 His child in his arms lay expiring indeed.

A DAY OF LEISURE.

The morning is dewy and bright,
 Awake at the Lark's early call !
 The sun, with his glorious light,
 Enlivens and vivifies all.
 A day of glad leisure is ours,
 A day free from business and care ;
 O where shall we spend the sweet hours,
 The most of enjoyment to share ?

In yon gorgeous mansion a band
 Of youths their carousal begin ;
 Without all is costly and grand,
 And all is gay pleasure within ;
 For art they with nature combine,
 The joys of the day to enhance ;
 Joy sparkles and glows in the wine,
 Joy gaily exults in the dance.

The city presents to our view
 Its splendor and business and life,
 Where thousands and thousands pursue
 Wealth, pleasure,—how eager the strife!
 And palaces numberless rise,
 To show the result of the chase;
 And temples point up to the skies,
 The scene so magnific to grace.

But thither we will not away;—
 For neither the party nor town,
 On such a most glorious day,
 Our highest enjoyment could crown;
 Then let us through field, wood and grove,
 Our way pursue lightsomely thus,
 And let the vast concave above
 Alone overcanopy us.

Our pathway with flowers is lined,
 Of rich and most delicate dyes;
 Their breathings with dew-drops combined,
 How sweetly delicious they rise!
 And now, 'neath the pine and the oak,
 Huge giants of Nature, we stride;
 They stand unsubdued by the stroke
 Time, age upon age, has applied.

There in the cool grove we will rest,
 Beside the low-murmuring brook,
 View Nature in loveliness drest,
 And read one bright page from her book;
 Here, here with the birds and the flowers,
 With everything lovely and fair,
 O here will we spend the sweet hours,
 Hours free from all trouble and care.

THE VIOLET BLUE.

There's a sweet little spot I delight to frequent,
 All dotted with flowers so fair,
 That it seems a bright picture from Paradise sent,
 Disclosing the loveliness there.
 The lily resplendent, the rose with its bloom,
 The dahlia, the amaranth's form,
 The tulip, the pink, and the lilac's perfume,
 Unite to embellish and charm :
 But loveliest to me is the violet blue,
 Retiringly hid from the rude, careless view.

And multitudes throng, of the young and the gay,
 To visit the glorious spot ;
 Enticed by its charms, the enchanted delay,
 So powerful the work that is wrought.
 Enough at the shrine of the lilly bow low,
 So splendidly rearing its head ;
 Enough with delight, with alarcity go,
 To recline in the roseate bed :
 But nobody thinks of the violet blue,
 So modestly, smilingly hid from the view.

And let them admire, and admiringly gaze,
 Let them pluck, if they will, and enjoy ;
 I care not ; their beauty, their splendor repays
 Not the homage that I would employ.
 The lilac, rose, dahlia, the lilly their queen,
 Too proudly, too haughtily they
 Bear up their gay blossoms as if to be seen,
 So seemingly made for display.
 But I love to contemplate the violet blue,
 So modestly hid from the rude careless view.

SPRING.

Lo ! Phœbus in his golden car,
 Comes slowly mounting from afar,
 And at each circling course we view,
 Mounts higher in the vault of blue ;
 While with his genial influence shed,
 On regions, slumbering and dead,
 He bids old Boreas cease to blow,
 And drives him o'er the yielding snow.
 And thus, with summoned breeze and blast,
 Begins his conquering work at last.

The wide-spread snow his word fulfills,
 And pours in streamlets from the hills ;
 Commingling streamlets merry flow,
 Now noisily, now murmuring low,
 Now leaping o'er the rude cascade,
 Now sheeting wide the level mead ;
 While the swelled river, in its course,
 Bears on the mighty waters' force.
 Thus Nature, stript her shroud of snow,
 Breaks to new life her long repose ;
 And cheery Spring, with all her train
 Of health and joys, is ours again.
 Champlain, the loveliest of Lakes,
 From three months' winter sleep awakes,
 Spurns, with a deep re-echoing sound,
 The dreary chain that held her bound ;
 And now her waves, ice-bound before,
 Can leap and frolic on the shore—
 Can lightly toss, as if in sport,
 The bark that dares to leave the port--
 Or when the wind fatigued at play,
 Leaves Sol alone to rule the day,

Her bosom then, though not compressed
 With icy bond, can calmly rest,
 Reflecting, as it smoothly lies,
 The inverted image of the skies.

And now the fields, not long ago
 A dreary waste, and spread with snow—
 Now clad in livery of green,
 Which mantles o'er the enlivening scene,
 The tenants of the folds invite
 To catch the breeze and hail the light,
 And with free limbs and bleating voice,
 In former liberty rejoice.

Now spread they o'er the verdant swell,
 Now roam³ the velvet-cushioned dell,
 Now crop the grass, now form a ring
 To sip the crystals of the spring:
 While their new offspring leap away,
 In separate numbers to display;
 In spotless glee to try the chase,
 And frolic o'er the sunny place;
 Then, circling round the barren rock,
 Dances and leaps the mimic flock.

Then Sylva, too, who still retains,
 O'er rugged hills, through winding plains,
 A remnant of the rule she bore,
 Wildly and lone, in days of yore;
 She, whose rude form and somber hue,
 Have served thus long to mar the view,
 Calls up her latent power, and weaves
 A mantle of the verdant leaves,
 And joins the choir and leads the song,
 Which field and lake and air prolong.

The branching limb and craggy bough,
 Clad in a robe luxuriant now,

Can wave with grace and bend with ease
Before the gentle southern breeze—
Can send a deep and murmuring roar,
When stronger gales are sweeping o'er ;
Or, as the breezes die away,
List to the birdlet's warbled lay ;
While distant waterfalls prolong,
Vary, and melodize the song.

All nature, freed the tyrant's hand,
Obeys the genial Spring's command,
And feels with every living thing
The life and cheerfulness of Spring ;
While from each leaf and opening flower,
That glistens in the morning shower,
From all that numerous living train,
That wings the air or roams the plain,
Ascends on high, in tuneful lays,
The grateful tribute of their praise.

THE TWO RAIN DROPS.

Two crystalline drops were discharged from a cloud,
 Which passing above me was rumbling aloud,
 But ling'ring awhile in their downward career,
 Each fixed (so I feign,) on an object of care.
 Then drawn to the earth by an invisible power,
 They swiftly came down with the rest of the shower ;
 Each drop all intent its choice plan to pursue,
 They parted and quickly were lost to the view ;
 The one, with great purpose of glory and fame,
 With lofty intention of gaining a name,
 Directing its course to the dark-rolling brine,
 Resolved to engulf it, its nature refine ;
 And swelling its volume, to cause it to sweep,
 With fury resistless, o'er mountain and deep.
 But alas, for an airy built castle, so tall,
 Foundationless reared, but to totter and fall !
 This vain-glorious drop, puffed so largely with pride,
 Now reached the black brine near the continent's side ;
 At the moment, its purpose it thought was attained,
 The object of all its solicitude gained,
 'Twas doomed in Oblivion's dark gulf to be sunk,
 Like others who have from Ambition's cup drunk.
 The billowy ocean rolled on as before,
 And the lofty aspirant was heard of no more.

Not so with the other, more humble, but wise,
 It fell on an object of proportionate size ;
 Content with accomplishing a little of good,
 It kissed, with a spatter, an opening rose-bud :
 The bud, being thirsty and needing more juice,
 Did quickly absorb it for its separate use ;
 Thus nourished, its beauty it unfolded to view,
 All wet with the shower, and of roseate hue ;

And when the bright sun came, inviting me forth,
 To view the sweet flowers which embellished the earth,
 This newly blown rose attracted my eye,
 As a fragrant perfume it exhaled to the sky,
 I blessed the pure drop which unfolded the flower,
 And thought with surprise of its marvelous power.

Thus 'tis with mankind, like the silly rain drop,
 Some at nothing short of great glory will stop,
 Spurred on by Ambition, they strive to perform
 Such deeds as would tire an Herculean arm :
 But spite of their efforts, gigantic and vast,
 They sink down unknown and forgotten at last.
 Another, more humble, yet wiser by far,
 Since all can't be suns, is content as a star ;---
 Since like rain drops he cannot huge continents flood,
 Yet, as rain drops so little can open a bud,
 He wisely concludes he will act in a sphere
 Commensurate with his own littleness here,
 And thus like the drop such often acquire
 When least 'tis expected, a glory far higher
 Than had, in the highest, and loftiest flight
 Of fancy, appeared to his wond'ring sight.

SONG.

Written on the occasion of a visit of the Students of Middlebury College
to those of the University of Vermont.

When cousins assemble from distant abodes,
At some good old aunt's, for a family meeting,
Forgetting the cares they were wont to pursue,
The eye, hand and tongue speak mutual greeting.

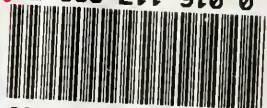
So we, who are students from different halls,
Released for a time, academical labors,
Have met for a jubilee, firmly resolved
No longer to be such unsociable neighbors.

Then let us improve the brief season before us,
From Senior to Freshman give pleasure its sway,
The Senior come down from his dignified station,
The Freshman remember his tutor's away.

'Tis a maxim so old that we scarce dare dispute it,
That two of a trade can never agree ;
Yet here 'tis evinced by a practical method,
That students, at least, an exception may be.



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